It is the next day. I’m picking out clothes for the school day. I can choose a flouncy blue skirt or khaki pants. I choose the skirt, even though it doesn’t match my bright red button-down shirt. I want to be me this time around. I want to turn over the leaf, to start fresh again. I bounce down the stairs and greet my mom. “Honey, that red shirt and blue skirt don’t match.” She says, stepping over a pile of laundry. “Nobody’s perfect!” I laugh. Mom looks at me funny, and I grin back.